

The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK	317
AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA	John A. Ryan 321
THREE MEN	George Streater 323
LOUVAIN STRONGHOLD OF FAITH	Joan M. Taylor 326
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	Michael Williams 328
COMMUNICATIONS	329
THE SCREEN	Philip T. Hartung 330
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	331
No Other Man—Harry Bridges on Trial—The American Presidency—German Economy—Down to Earth—The Imperial Soviets—M Day	
THE INNER FORUM	336

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Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.; HARRY LORIN
BINSSE, Managing Editor; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Special Editor;
C. G. PAULDING, Associate Editor; JOHN BRUBAKER, Advertising
Manager.

Where We Stand Now

ALL YOU have to do is to look at the people in the city streets in the heat of the summer and listen to the ball game on the radio, and maybe drive out on a Saturday and look at the farms and the families on their vacations by the lakes and rivers and at the sea shore. You will know that the country has made up its mind and that there will be no intervention in the war. All the debate about the war took place on a plane removed from the reality of American emotional indifference. We live in a democracy, we can be persuaded but not driven, and the pleas of leaders, the testimony of experts, can only produce a national policy if, in fact, they influence emotionally the mass of citizens. In regard to foreign affairs the natural state of American public opinion is "isolationist" because men do not react to what occurs at a distance, they do not react to danger until it is immediate, their sympathies for what does not concern them directly do not cancel the habitual interests and aims of their lives. For this reason it was not the communist line that kept America "out of war"; it was not a conscientious objection to war that influenced the decision; it was not the political leadership of the anti-Administration isolationists that counted fundamentally; and it was not the Bundists, nor the fifth columnists, nor the Irish

nor the Italian elements of our population who prevented our effectively assisting the Allies and who prevent now our assisting Great Britain. These voices in the debate were answered by other voices; the case for preventing the unification of Europe under nazi rule was ably put before the country by a great many men. Essentially unaffected by the debate, Americans went to work and went home after work: that was the normal course of life and no voice was powerful enough to turn them from it. The country was not aroused to action.

The country watched while the supernational fabric of democracy was rent and detached from the continent of Europe when France fell. It watches now, and will do no more than watch, while England and the British Empire face destruction. That is the fact. What follows from it?

There was a way of living, habitually spoken of as the democratic way, which was accepted as being essentially the desirable way of living by the peoples of the United States, France and Great Britain. In none of these countries had men succeeded in reaching either political or social perfection: in all of them there was relative freedom to seek perfection and in all of them an earnest effort by many people and organized groups of people to remedy obvious faults. There were also certain things held in common such as an impartial system of law, a sense of fair play, a belief that the State was the servant and not the master, a belief that neither economic nor social classes ultimately could abolish the rights and dignity of any person, and a refusal of tyranny. There was therefore some reason to suppose an interest common to all the peoples who believed in this way of life to defend it against the new revolutionary dynamism. There was some reason to suppose that it would be preserved against the great pressure brought upon it from without only if all those who believed in it united in the defense. There was great reason to suppose that the continuance of democracy in the world demanded total solidarity of the existing democracies. This argument did not persuade the American people.

We have decided that we will allow democracy to disappear wherever the forces against it are superior, and we are building up our strength in order that we may preserve it here. We believe that we can save democracy for ourselves and by ourselves—with the possible aid of any allies, dictators or not, we can procure in this hemisphere. We can save democracy no matter where else it may be destroyed even if we have to fingerprint all aliens and register all Americans and use a theme song which its author admits was not good enough for the war of twenty years ago. We will restrict democracy to America and we will save it, mechanically, as we save America—first. That is where, objectively speaking, we stand at the moment and it is not unnatural—it is human—that

we should feel as we do. But in order that this descriptive paragraph be honest it is necessary to add that the motive for the building up of our national strength is only by habit and verbally the love of democracy: profoundly it is our withdrawal from world consciousness into nationalism.

Miserable for the Time

UNTIL RECENTLY it was a mark of civilized man that he did not ask of another man his creed or blood or profession. All he needed to know he could know by simple inspection or from general repute; the rest was none of his business. That is still a good

critterion, at least of worldly wisdom and courtesy. But in an age when footless hate has become fashionable and human distrust alas almost universal, that rule of conduct must on occasion be breached. So, some eighteen months ago, THE COMMONWEAL (knowing the answer) asked Jacques Maritain if he were a Jew. He replied, "Alas, no, I am not a Jew. I regret it, for it is a great privilege to belong to the same race as Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin." Not long ago, pushed to it by the same sort of propaganda as prompted us, Mr. L. M. Birkhead asked John Steinbeck of the "Grapes of Wrath," the same question. His reply has been made public. "It happens that I am not Jewish and have no Jewish blood, but it only happens that way. I find that I do not experience any pride that it is so." There, in understatement and on a natural level, is the echo of M. Maritain's reply, which must be the prototype of any decent reply. "I can prove these things of course—but when I shall have to—the American democracy will have disappeared." Not only democracy, Mr. Steinbeck, but Christianity and decency. Hate will be king, distrust his chief counsellor. "I am only miserable for the time and its prejudice," says Mr. Steinbeck, and to that misery we all are partner.

"Life's" Campaign Documents

ADVERTISING with characteristic full-page splash in the daily press, *Life* jubilantly announces, "For the first time in history—a magazine with nearly 20,000,000 readers." The "scientifically established" figure of 19,900,000 readers represents a sizable sector of the nation's men and women voters. *Life* explains that "never before have so many people been exposed each week to the pages of any magazine" first of all by the fact that "*Life* presents truth and reality to a world hungry for and vitally in need of both." With this as a background, how does this successful picture magazine

present the beginning of the current presidential campaign to the truth-seeking American people? In the July 8 issue, the Republican delegates at Philadelphia are pictured as dignified gentlemen with no more frivolous distractions than a fashion show at candidate Taft's headquarters. A two-page spread of elephants, placards, a pretty girl proclaiming her allegiance to Willkie and the aforesaid fashion show is labeled "the political follies of yester-year." Then two pages of "shots" of Willkie and his promoters. Headlines and captions tell the story: "Here with their state standards sit some of the 1,000 Republican delegates who this time obeyed not the party bosses but the will of the people"; "Wendell Willkie is people's choice"; "New party leaders rise with Willkie"; and (opposite a picture of Willkie addressing convention) "For preservation of American democracy." In short, a gentlemanly if somewhat staid assemblage was swept by popular furor into nominating a man of destiny despite the opposition of old guard politicians. It is all clear and simple, perhaps a bit too simple.

But what took place in Chicago, as *Life* portrays it? First text page of the July 29 issue shows Thomas D. Garry, Superintendent of Chicago Sewers, demonstrating how he broadcast "We want Roosevelt" from the cellar below the convention to the delegates above at the exact psychological moment. Next page carries the headline, "New Deal Reformers and City Bosses engineered the third-term 'draft'" and shows Secretary Wallace, Frances Perkins, Harold Ickes, Attorney General Jackson, Jesse Jones, Mayor Kelly of Chicago and Mayor Hague of Jersey City amicably seated around a dinner table. Also Mayor Kelly and "third-term chief," Harry Hopkins, batting it out. Other shots include delegates and several undress numbers at a Chicago night club and a hail and farewell of "Honest Jim Farley" who "stood amid the Kelly-Hague-Hopkins machinations of last week as living proof that democratic politics *can* be honest, straightforward and sincere." Again a deceptively simple picture. Rowdy delegates patronize strip-tease shows, machine politics rides roughshod, city bosses run the show. How many millions, we wonder, has *Life* taken in by this sort of reporting? Lots of plain people did want Willkie, but it is well known in informed circles that many wealthy Republicans were prepared to exert all kinds of pressure to prevent the nomination of any other candidate. *Life* recognizes that lots of people wanted Roosevelt too, yet seems to imply that powerful bosses foisted the third term on the American people. No one likes the juxtaposition of Tammanyism and claims to noble social ideals less than we do. But are we to infer with *Life* that there are no more Republican politicians? The American people is gullible; it believes everything it reads, and

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when this is backed up by well-chosen pictures . . . *Life's* convention commentary shows how deadly effective this new propaganda medium can be. It is one thing to take sides in a political campaign; another to set oneself up as a champion of truth.

Burke-Wadsworth Slightly Improved

LAST WEEK'S comment on the Burke-Wadsworth "Selective Training and Service" Bill was written before the publication of the complete text, as virtually approved by the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Meanwhile Republican Senators have succeeded in delaying the reporting of the revised Bill to the Senate—perhaps a good thing. Yet the results of one of the current public opinion polls, which show 70 percent of people in favor of compulsory military training, indicate how little likely it is that the general idea will be scrapped.

The best news since the publication of the revised text of the Bill: the Committee has decided that only men between the ages of 21 and 31 shall register. This eliminates one of the very worst features of the scheme, which was the compulsory registration of all men between the ages of 18 and 64—virtually all the adult males in the country. The new plan cuts down the number registering from 45,000,000 to 12,000,000, which is certainly a large enough reservoir of man power from which to draw the 1,500,000 the army proposes to train, and such a registration is too incomplete to serve as a useful tool of tyranny.

In the full text there are, however, several objectionable features. The President is to "defer" training of "regular or duly ordained ministers of religion engaged in the regular discharge of their ministerial duties." That is good as far as it goes, but what is to happen to theological students, of whatever creed? What constitutes the "regular" discharge of ministerial duties? Does it include teaching and the contemplative life? Similarly the section on the conscientious objector is better than that in the original Bill. He is defined as a person "who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form." Yet this definition is vague and susceptible to all sorts of interpretation. What is "belief"? There is nothing one way or another about war in the Apostles' Creed. Does belief include a moral conviction which a given person may hold for himself but not conceive as necessarily binding on others? All Catholics *believe* in the counsels of perfection, yet do not believe that they are required to act on them, and they further believe that if they do act on them, they must be utterly sure that they are not thereby choosing the easier way.

How does the phraseology of the act provide for any such complex moral pattern as is involved in such a situation? Why not at least add "moral conviction" to "religious training and belief"?

But finally a large *caveat* needs issuing for Section 12 B. "The provisions of this Act shall be construed liberally to effect the purpose thereof; the spirit always controlling the letter, and any technical deficiencies therein shall be supplied by the reasonable intent of the act as a whole, in the light of national needs." The Bill in effect is one which deprives citizens of certain peacetime liberties. Such legislation—as distinguished from legislation intended to effect social reform—should be specific and detailed, should restrict to a minimum the field of administrative discretion and should be construed *strictly*, not *liberally*. For "liberally" in legal use merely means "broadly." "Liberal" construction of a law which curtails liberty merely broadens the area of that curtailment, narrows still further the area of liberty. This provision, then, is either meaningless, or—more likely—can be used to work almost limitless injustice, "in the light of national needs." The pressure for haste has been great. But that is no excuse for presenting the people with a Bill vitally affecting its liberties, which even its framers feel is so little considered and so hastily drawn that it must be protected by legislative fiat against strict construction by the courts.

Pan-Americanism Strides Forward

PUBLIC INTEREST in the results of the Havana parley of the foreign ministers of the

21 American states seems to focus on the "Act of Havana" and the permission it embodies for the United States or any other nation of the hemisphere to act at once

if necessary to forestall the transfer of sovereignty of any American territory to Germany. Much is also rightly made of the fact that the adoption of the agreement was a personal triumph for Cordell Hull after seven years of patient, sincere good-neighborliness. The prominence given to economic matters is an indication that the delegates approached their task in a highly realistic spirit. All in all the agreements at Havana are an explicit warning that nazi or other encroachments on American soil will be opposed throughout the Americas. There are two aspects of the parley that call for special emphasis and commendation. The first is the progress registered by the United States in international collaboration. It is now clear that we are no longer playing a lone hand in the international arena. The Monroe Doctrine is no longer a unilateral affair. The part played by delegates from other nations, notably from Argentina, in drawing up

Achievement
at Havana

the agreement is one token of its truly international character. The document itself affirms that the Americas now comprise "an international community." Aggressors who can polish off individual nations one by one can be stopped by a solidarity such as this promises to develop. Another notable feature is the concern expressed for the well-being of the native populations of those European colonies whose transfer is to be prevented. Not only does the new agreement call for consultation with the peoples involved to determine their wishes in the matter of sovereignty, but it also requires the provisional administration to build up popular education, better living conditions, public health and preparation for political autonomy throughout the mandated territory. In fact no better model of concern for the welfare of native populations can be found in political documents than the text of the convention covering the legal phase of this Pan-American plan for foreign possessions in the New World.

Slips Twixt Cup and Lip

REPORTS have it that nazi firms in South and Central America have been taking orders and posting cash guarantees for delivery of goods in October. This would indicate complete confidence of a German victory over Britain in short order. That the confidence

is not without alloy, however, is shown by "hedging" operations in the US market by the German traders in question. US chemicals and metal products to cover the Latin America transactions have been ordered here for September delivery. Though the volume of sales has been small their propaganda value amongst our neighbors to the south has been great and they once again reveal German aims of commercial penetration on this continent. Whether victory be long or short in coming to the nazis, they want a nucleus of satisfied customers and good will around which to build. Unfortunately good will of any sort on the part of "friends" of the nazis has been sadly requited. Given a millimeter the nazis have regularly taken a kilometer. Appeasers of Hitler and believers in his pacts and promises have been duly duped at the opportune moment, and we can see no signs of reform in the reformer of Berchtesgaden. But if nazis are to fill their orders with US goods, why do we not go after these orders directly without benefit of nazis? Are long term credits or government subsidies necessary for this? Then let us provide them. Is resort to barter in fact the only way to bring about a healthy interchange of goods? Let us barter, then, by all means. The common welfare of the Americas is at stake and the means of protecting it in this case are indifferent—not in any sense inherently

bad—and in their command we can easily outdo the nazis.

"Science and Christianity"

IT IS A question for philosophers whether first-rate advice is of much avail when given for second-rate reasons. The mixture is apparent in an address before the recent New England Conference on Tomorrow's Children, which thereupon, perhaps unfairly, has attracted more publicity than sounder and more unequivocal pronouncements (for instance, Mr. Borsodi's fine paper on family life in cities). Professor Hooton, the celebrated pessimist of anthropology, told the conference, in effect, that Christianity should be practiced in a biological context. "It is clear enough," said Dr. Hooton handsomely, "to the intelligent believer and the skeptic alike, that the ideas of human conduct laid down in the teachings of Christ cannot be improved." But he goes on to deplore religion's failure to realize that, along with "a modicum of intelligence," one of the prerequisites of "Christian conduct is a sound biological status." This union of science and religion "is essential for the salvaging of man"; when we have it, we shall presumably cease to "pamper the unfit" who are "rotting the heart of the nation." If we are not being unfair to Dr. Hooton, what he means is that religion shall "exert the full force of the supernatural sanctions" to let the weak and ailing die. Without going into the biological implications here, except to say that they can and should be sharply challenged, we would point out that Dr. Hooton has somewhat misapprehended Christianity and its Founder. Christ certainly restored many to a "sound biological status," but His motive seems not to have been anthropological. "That you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins" is of a piece with the stern unbiological direction: "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." It is a predication of values, a transvaluation, such as the world had not known before. It led, among other things, to the practice of the corporal works of mercy as an essential part of Christianity. The ancient societies had a fine, vigorous attitude toward the "unfit"; but those were the very societies which Christianity displaced when it came teaching compassion and succor for the weak. There may be a connection here worthy of Dr. Hooton's further study. In any event, those who want Christianity will have to take Christianity as it is. A long list of historical failures teaches us that the Gospel cannot easily be enlisted as a mere prop for something else. For what is implicit in the Gospel is not a frame of mind, but a creed.

At the Catholic University of America 1898—1902

The first part of a chapter from a
famous prelate's autobiography.

By John A. Ryan

UNTIL I left home for the Catholic University, the latter part of September, 1898, I had never seen as large a city as Chicago. The two or three days that I spent in that metropolis on my way to Washington were extremely interesting. I still recall the powerful impression made upon me by the elevated railroads, the tall buildings, the lake front, the crowds and the noise, hurry and bustle. At that time no other large city offered so great a contrast to Chicago as was provided by Washington. Of course, neither city was troubled by automobiles, but Washington lacked large apartment houses, had relatively few public buildings and little or no congestion anywhere. The leisurely manner in which the inhabitants, and the visitors likewise, moved about was very different from the street life of the big city on Lake Michigan. Indeed, the street life of Washington then differed very greatly from its own street life today. Pedestrians moved as though they had no fear of failing to reach their destination on time. In fact they seemed to have all the time that there was. In many respects, I prefer the Washington of 1898 to the Washington of 1940.

Archbishop Ireland directed me to pursue the courses in moral theology at the University, but left me free with regard to other subjects. In the School of Theology at that time, candidates for degrees were obliged to follow two and only two subjects. My preference for the second required course was economics, but I found that arrangement impossible because the rules required that both the courses be taken in the School of Theology. So for my second, or minor, subject I chose Canon Law. Students of theology, however, were permitted to attend lectures in other schools in the University as auditors. Economics, sociology and English were my selections for the optional courses, but economics received by far the greater amount of my time and attention.

The most fortunate event in my experience at the University was my association with the Very Reverend Dr. Thomas Bouquillon. He was professor of moral theology from 1889 until his death in 1902. He was the most erudite man that I have ever known. He never came into the class-

room without the most thorough and scrupulous preparation of the material upon which he was to lecture. He had a passion for scientific exactness, for accuracy and for thoroughness, and he constantly emphasized the importance of these qualities for students and teachers alike. His lectures and seminars were especially helpful to me because they gave so much attention to social problems. Whenever a moral rule or principle had economic or social aspects or implications, he described and evaluated fully the economic or social practice or institution that was involved. In other words, he took adequate account and gave an adequate description of the economics or the sociology as well as the ethics of the problem. He was not satisfied with merely general knowledge of the non-ethical factors. My indebtedness to him because of his devotion to and exemplification of this method is much greater than I could describe.

The other men who greatly helped and influenced me during those student years at the University differed entirely from Dr. Bouquillon and from each other. They were both Englishmen: W. J. Ashley, later Sir William Ashley, and John A. Hobson. Ashley's great work, "English Economic History," gave me a fair introduction to the medieval economic system of the guilds, to the teaching of the medieval canonists and theologians on the morality of economic practices and institutions and to the principles and spirit of the Catholic social tradition. The comfort which I derived from reading those volumes is still vivid in my memory. He died in 1937 at the age of sixty-five.

John A. Hobson was born at Derby, England, in 1858 and died in London in March, 1940. He was the author of upwards of a score of books and many score of magazine articles, the great majority in both categories dealing with economic subjects. The book of his that first fell into my hands was the "Evolution of Modern Capitalism," published in 1894. It seemed to me that this volume described and explained the structure and development of the modern economic system in a way comparable with the treatment of the pre-capitalist systems by Ashley, Cunningham and other economic historians. Some years later I

found in his work, "The Industrial System" (1909), the most satisfactory analysis that I had ever seen of the way in which the system works and the most persuasive exposure of its principal defects. His "Economics of Distribution," which I read soon after it appeared in 1900, struck me as the most intelligible and suggestive work that had come to my attention in this department of economic theory.

Almost thirty years ago I drafted a dedication which I thought of using (but ultimately did not use) in my book "Distributive Justice." It reads as follows: "To John A. Hobson, whose illuminating analysis of the economics of production and distribution have greatly facilitated the author's attempt to determine the morality of these processes." By the year 1935 I had read almost all the books bearing his name.

Underconsumption and oversaving

The part of Mr. Hobson's economic doctrine which interested me most when I was a student at the University is also the part to which I have given most attention ever since and for which my indebtedness to him is greatest. I allude to his theory that underconsumption and oversaving are the main causes of industrial slumps and depressions. It was first set forth by Mr. Hobson in a book which he produced jointly with a businessman named A. F. Mummery. This volume was entitled the "Physiology of Industry" and was published in 1889. Subsequently, Hobson restated, amplified and defended the theory in many other productions, chiefly the "Evolution of Modern Capitalism," "The Problem of the Unemployed" (1896), and "Economics of Unemployment" (1922). However, the theory of underconsumption and oversaving was not invented by either Hobson or Mummery, for it had been expounded and defended, at least in substance, by the Earl of Lauderdale, Malthus and Chalmers in England, by Sismondi in Switzerland and by Von Kirchmann and Father Franz Hitze in Germany. The first four of these wrote in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the fifth about 1830 and the last in 1880. Under the influence of J. B. Say, John Stuart Mill and David Ricardo, however, the classical economists completely rejected this theory, mainly by ignoring it. They held that no matter how much of the national income was saved and converted into instruments of production, the resulting product would always find buyers, somehow, somewhere. Commenting on their failure to deal formally with the underconsumption theory, John Maynard Keynes remarks: "Their method was to dismiss the problem from the *corpus* of economics not by solving it but by not mentioning it."

For more than three decades, Hobson's exposition and defense of the theory which we are considering was as widely ignored by the economists

as had been the writings of its earlier protagonists, Lauderdale, Malthus and Sismondi, by Ricardo, John Stuart Mill and the other writers of the classical school. Soon after the beginning of the 1929-1933 depression, a change occurred in this respect. Many of the economists have begun to notice the theory and a few of them have accepted it with some modification. Probably the most distinguished names in the latter category are J. M. Keynes in England and Alvin H. Hansen in the United States. In a short article on Hobson in the July issue of the *Journal of Social Philosophy*, John Maurice Clark writes:

Today, the central idea of Hobson's original heresy has been adopted in altered form and with a shifted emphasis by economists of unquestioned standing and around it centers also perhaps the most active and frontier economic thinking. Serious investigation of this former heresy has become unqualifiedly respectable.

As soon as I had become acquainted with Hobson's writings, I realized that his theory of underconsumption and oversaving was the most satisfying explanation that I had seen up to that time of industrial depressions and unemployment. So important and persuasive did the theory appear to me that I quoted four pages from his statement of it in the "Problem of the Unemployed." These paragraphs I put into my first book, "A Living Wage." While this volume was not published until 1906, it had been substantially completed by June, 1902, when my days as a student at the Catholic University came to a close. In a footnote to the quoted paragraphs I wrote:

Professor Smart observes that this theory has not met with the attention that it deserves. Anyone who will carefully examine it cannot fail to be impressed with its superior value as an explanation of the phenomena that constitute an industrial depression.

Shortly after the beginning of the 1929-1933 depression, the theory of underconsumption and oversaving became so formidable, if not so respectable, that it could no longer be ignored. Although I have read carefully most of the criticisms of it by both economists and businessmen, I have not been even feebly tempted to abandon it. Most of the attacks are indirect, partial, unfair or supercilious. In many cases they rest upon a naïve faith that somehow, somewhere, new industrial inventions will be forthcoming to absorb the excessive savings and to lure money from the pockets of those who cannot or will not spend it for the commodities that are currently produced; or the criticisms are based upon an empty hope that the mysterious and intangible thing called "confidence" will somehow obtain sufficient potency to induce men to convert savings into new investments, even though they have no solid ground for expecting that the products thereof will find buyers. Most owners of capital and most receivers of profits reject Hobson's theory as the basis of a remedy for unemployment because they realize

that as a consequence of such acceptance they would receive a smaller share, while labor and the farmers would get a larger share, of the national income.

For more than fifteen years I have steadily and consistently defended the theory of underconsumption and oversaving.

My dissertations

One of the prerequisites to the degree of Licentiate in Theology, which I received from the Catholic University in June, 1900, was the production of a dissertation or essay within the candidate's major branch of study. My effort was entitled "Moral Aspects of Speculation on the Exchanges." Some of the conclusions which I put into this essay ran counter to the economic defenses of speculation then prevailing. Some thirty-three years later, these conclusions received a considerable measure of support from the provisions of the Securities and Exchange Acts passed by Congress. The concluding paragraph of the dissertation reads as follows:

The question, "Is speculation wrong?" cannot, therefore, be answered categorically. The phenomena with which it deals are too complex. But, with the help of the distinctions above drawn, an answer may be obtained that is fairly definite. To resume, then: speculation as an institution is *economically* of doubtful utility; *socially*, it is productive of great and widespread evils; and *morally*, it is vitiated by a very considerable amount of dishonest "deals" and practices.

In the fall of 1900, I became the beneficiary of a very fortunate combination of circumstances. According to Archbishop Ireland's intention, I was to spend only two years as a graduate student at the Catholic University. At the end of that

period I was to be given a teaching position in St. Paul. However, the Archbishop had not made the appointment, nor even mentioned the matter to me, before he departed for Europe in the late summer of 1900. When the end of September arrived, leaving me still without any official assignment, I faced the necessity of deciding whether I should stay in St. Paul until the Archbishop's return from Europe or assume that he was now willing to grant me a longer period of study at the University. Giving myself the benefit of the doubt, I went back to Washington in time for the opening of the scholastic year. Shortly after his return to St. Paul, some time in November, the Archbishop wrote me to the effect that his failure to give me a teaching assignment before he had left the country was due to inadvertence but that since I was back at the University, I might remain there for the rest of the year. As a matter of fact, he permitted me to remain for two years longer.

Had I been compelled to terminate my studies at the University in 1900, my subsequent activities in economic and social fields would probably have been considerably handicapped and restricted, inasmuch as my teaching assignment would not have included any of the social sciences. In the second place, and more important, I should have been deprived of the opportunity to continue my ethical and social studies under favorable conditions. Moreover I could not have produced the doctoral dissertation into which I put the greater part of my social doctrine and which for many years was the principal source of whatever influence I have exerted upon social and economic thought and practice. (To be continued)

Three Men

Napier, Moton, Garvey—Negro leaders
who typified an era for their people.

By George Streater

THREE COLORED MEN died in the spring of 1940, each of whom made deep impressions on American life. They were James Carroll Napier, of Nashville, Tennessee; Robert Russa Moton, of Virginia; and Marcus Garvey, of Jamaica, British West Indies. Mr. Napier, who lived to be 94, was a banker and business man. Dr. Moton was president of Tuskegee Institute from 1915—when he succeeded Booker T. Washington—until two years ago, when he went into retirement. Marcus Garvey was the founder and organizer of the United Negro Improvement Association, an organization

which bid fair for a time to cause grave troubles in the British and French colonies of the West Indies. Mr. Garvey died in London. (Garvey was deported from the United States in 1928 after serving part of a sentence for using the mails to defraud; and later was not allowed to remain in Canada.)

These three men are drawn from three different sections of Negro life. They represent three different classes of colored people, as well as three different types of racial mixture. Mr. Moton was, of course, more nearly in a class with Mr. Garvey, for both were black men, black in color, African

with no apparent admixture with any other stock. But it is no longer possible to call black men "pure." It has been demonstrated too often that people jet black in color might have the features of our Indians or caucasian stock. Even if they are traced straight back to Africa, as both Mr. Moton and Mr. Garvey claimed, Africa has been complex and crossed up for too many centuries to waste time and passion arguing race purity, even when black. And Mr. Napier, any place in Europe, would have been white.

Mr. Napier, the oldest of the three, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, June 9, 1845. His parents were free people of color. The word "Negro" was not in usage then, although the word "niggrah," a corruption of the Latin *nigra*, black, had not always been used by English-speaking people as an indication of contempt for people of dark hue. There was a shade made, and is still made between the words "niggrah" and "nigger." When a Southern white man says "niggrah" he shows signs of his own emancipation!

But back to Mr. Napier: he was born in Nashville June 9, 1845. On the eve of the Civil War his parents, like other free colored people, did just what the English and French are doing now, if they have the means: they sent their children to free soil, and Ohio was the place where young Napier was despatched. He attended Wilberforce, a school started for children of color, and later entered Oberlin, the great school of social progress in that era. Oberlin opened its doors to blacks, and women, while many other schools hemmed and hawed and talked about expediency.

At Oberlin Mr. Napier met the girl he married, and whom he survived, after more than sixty years of comradeship. Mrs. Napier was Nettie Langston, the daughter of John Mercer Langston, the only colored Congressman ever to represent the State of Virginia. Perhaps we should write it, the only man to represent Virginia in Congress who admitted that he was colored; for there have been several others! Langston, himself a graduate of Oberlin College, was a mulatto in the strict sense that his father was a white man, and the owner of Langston's mother who was freed, happily before the child was born. We do not know why John Mercer Langston was not called John or Robert Quarles, because Captain Robert Quarles was his father. But that is the way it was. Quarles made provisions to educate his son in Ohio. It is fitting that "Langston," the son of Quarles, came back to Virginia after reconstruction and represented his district in Congress for two years.

Back of Mr. and Mrs. Napier was a sense of freedom, and what is said in the South of mixed bloods, "a sense of arrogance." But Napier was not arrogant. The striving poor whites in Nashville said he was "almost as good as white" and

many of them, if not all of them, condescended to call him "Mr." Napier when they were able to borrow money from his bank.

What was called "Napier's bank" was in reality the idea of half a dozen men; particularly the late R. H. Boyd, a black man of genius who organized for the Negro Baptists a thriving publishing house, a furniture-making business and many related enterprises. But as time passed on, the bank was called "Napier's bank." It was started over thirty years ago and survived all depressions; even the last one, when an ex-Senator from Tennessee was sent to jail for complicity in the failure of several national and state banks in Tennessee and North Carolina. But "Napier's bank"—Napier was the cashier—held its own and paid its depositors if they asked for their money.

What more can be said of Mr. Napier? His class and kind, the free Negro before the Civil War—of whom there were about 260,000 in the South and 500,000 in the nation as a whole—were already enjoying a measure of freedom. Indeed, they were in some instances prosperous builders, hotel men, caterers, waiters and small farmers. Some free people of color inherited property from their white parents, and in this way came into the possession of slaves themselves. In Mr. Napier's state—Tennessee—a slave woman was ordered whipped by her mulatto mistress and was said to have died from the beating. But the lot of the free people of color—this was the usual designation—was not very different from the condition of the Irish noblemen after Oliver Cromwell, or the Jewish business men after the arrival of Hitler. They were not slaves, but they were on the whole less than free white men. Still, mulattoes frequently were incorporated into the white race. Indeed, there was less insistence on simon-pure whiteness in the South before the Civil War than after. Thus different Southern states had different definitions of the quality *white*. The percentages still vary: from 100 percent in Georgia down to seven-eighths in South Carolina. But even Georgia, with 200,000 near-whites *who live as Negroes*, has been lackadaisical if not indifferent about race mixture.

Nevertheless, Napier lived to see colleges and schools built all over the area around Nashville. There were public schools for poor whites and blacks alike which he championed, even though the poor whites did not ask his aid. Napier lived to see the Ku Klux Klan die down after seeing its birth at Columbia, forty miles south of Nashville. If he could have lived another ninety years, he would hear young people ask, "Tell us about the Civil War. What was all the shooting about?"

Moton

It is quite another story about Mr. Moton. Mr. Moton was as black as Mr. Napier was white

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in color. He was the son of slaves, and inclined to comfort his last years with the story that he was a lineal descendant of African chiefs whose children were taken by Moslem and European slave raiders. The story might be true, it might be a fantasy. But its acceptance by Mr. Moton gives a little more light on the complexities of what is called the American Negro. Mr. Napier was in reality a white man with just enough African blood to have made him a good Egyptian, a good Frenchman, a good Welshman, a good Irishman, a good Italian or a good Greek. But Mr. Moton would have been an African anywhere. He might have been a Moor, a Mohammedan, an Ethiopian; but he was an African of the blackest regions of the Dark Continent.

Mr. Moton reached this world with the coming of the Civil War and freedom. He was born August 26, 1867. He followed in the footsteps of Booker T. Washington at Hampton Institute, and for that reason represents a different tradition in the education of the American Negro. While actually there was little about Mr. Moton to differentiate him from Mr. Napier in the functionings of the human mind, nevertheless Hampton Institute was one place, and Oberlin quite another.

If Mr. Napier's can be called a white man's mind in the colored world, Mr. Moton's can be called the white man's impression of what the colored mind ought to be. Mr. Napier moved among his fellow students, most of whom were white; he was taught wholly by white people. He was an "equal" of the white students. That is to say, he was a child of the same democracy! But Mr. Moton was the brain child of white missionary teachers, as fine a set of people as America has ever given to a cause; fine, but warped. Oberlin still sends out Negro students—colored students—as the equals of whites. Hampton to this very day is continually blundering on the question, are Negro students *people*, just as good as their teachers?

It is not that Mr. Moton lacked a human soul. But he was at the outset under tremendous pressure by certain schools of thought to be as "different" as possible. He was expected to be "different," to prove a thesis that Negroes are "different." The man who succeeded Booker T. Washington was expected to keep all the apples in the cart, even better than Washington himself had kept them. Though Booker T. Washington was not as meek as some historians have set him down. He was crafty. He was of the earth. He was lacking in many social graces, but he was not timid. But Mr. Moton was expected to be timid, backward, with his hat always in his hand.

Mr. Moton had not been at Tuskegee Institute very long when some Alabama racial purists forced his wife to leave a Pullman berth in the

middle of the night. (That was the sort of thing that Hitler learned from America, this business of total humiliation of a hated race.) But worse than leaving the berth, Mr. Moton was quoted as saying, in effect, that Mrs. Moton had no place in the berth. Mr. Moton did not say that, but white people who tried to appease backward elements in the South had said it for him.

Some years later Mr. Moton was able to prove himself solid material. After the last World War, Congress decided to erect a hospital for Negro disabled soldiers at Tuskegee. When the hospital was finished, white people in Alabama discovered a willingness to heal Negro ailments! It was reasoned, and correctly, that a Negro on a Civil Service job in Alabama was in better shape than a white man in the State legislature. So the members of the State legislature perhaps, certainly the white people in small towns around Tuskegee Institute, re-created the Ku Klux Klan and decided to march on the hospital to heal the Negro patients and get the jobs that went with the kindness. But Moton was firm.

Since Moton would not give in, the Klan crowd offered a compromise. White girls would be nurses, but it would be degrading to let them empty the slops. Negro girls could be engaged to follow white nurses around to empty the slops. But Moton still said "no," and the Klan and all that went behind the noise subsided. Moton had upset the argument that a full-blooded Negro would be meek when he needed to be strong.

We have dealt with the passing types of Negro America. They are passing types physiologically. There are fewer white Negroes now than there were when Southern society produced our mulatto population without finding out how it happened! But Negro social life is critical, now, and illicit union between Negro women and white men is almost as unlikely as union between black men and white women. The social pressure has been shifted to the other side. They are also passing types psychologically. The case of Marcus Garvey will illustrate this point.

Garvey

White people best remember Marcus Garvey as the black man who had some sort of notion in his head to carry Negroes back to Africa. Some white people supported the idea. The Ku Klux Klan took to it quickly and proposed to help Garvey deport Negroes. That is, the Klan would help Negroes *want to leave!* Down in Mississippi, Senator Bilbo plays with the idea. He is certain that Negroes ought to go back to Africa, but he has not taken time to decide what part of Africa white people are not fighting over.

Now Marcus Garvey is dead too. The New York Times remembers him as a man who had a foolish idea, and suggests that we do not con-

demn him as a Negro, rather as a man who had a silly idea. There was nothing new about Garvey's idea. If he had been as determined as Hitler, and able to find guns and ships, he could have upset the world over the African question, just as Germans are upsetting it over the German question. That is to say, if Garvey was silly, so are the Germans, Japanese and everybody else who got the notion of their "chosen" people. In a sense, Garvey wanted to solve the British problem by giving white people the West Indies. Now white people have already begun to settle wildly in the West Indies. Any place except Europe looks good.

Garvey died in London. It was lucky for England that Garvey was in England and not in the West Indies during these trying times for the Empire. For Garvey was the world black revolution incarnate. He did not make much headway in America. He laid the foundation for the breaking away from the Republican Party by New York Negroes, but he did not carry anybody to Africa. He formed Negroes in parades when Hitler was a second-rate painter in Austria; he formed Negroes in parades, and gave them uniforms and guns. He discovered, or somebody discovered for him, that the world was moving in the direction of armed private societies that would soon lead to revolution.

Garvey must have been in his early fifties when he died. He came to his greatest acclaim in 1920 when 3,000 delegates met at his call, representing every part of the globe where lived an appreciable number of people of African descent. Within his dreams he was a great financier, economic wizard, military leader. Oddly enough (and not so odd after all) he saw visions of a great black empire built by barter, where there was no money! He talked of the *Black Star* line of steamships; the *Black Cross* nurses; the Order of the Nile. Marcus Garvey knew one thing and that well: the power of propaganda.

But Garvey was a poor judge of human frailty. He talked and spoke and aroused hordes to give their last penny—he collected millions of dollars all over the world from poor blacks and friendly whites—but he was loose in his promises, careless in placing responsibilities and surrounded by cliques of sharpsters more clever than he.

Moreover, Garvey, unlike Caesar, allowed his loves to betray him. He was careless with money, and careless with his means of raising money. He sent out appeals for money through the mails. He sold stocks and bonds in steamship lines that never sailed and sold shares in factories that never operated. Finally the United States Government prosecuted Garvey for using the mails to defraud. And Garvey, like many men being tried today, pleaded his own case after dispensing with his lawyer. He charged that he was being persecuted

because of his opinions and of his threats to empires in Africa and the isles of the sea. He was sent to the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia. When set free, he was deported.

As stated before, Garvey lined up New York's West Indian population with the Democratic Party. He thought Al Smith was a great man, and supported him against Hoover. "The reason I am advising my people to vote for Smith is not so much that he is a Democrat as that he is a man of liberal views." He saw Hoover as a tool of the trusts. He saw Liberia sold into a new slavery by the Firestone interests. Thinking this and saying as much, he was never allowed back to these shores.

Two Americans and one West Indian; two black and one white Negro. Two Southern men and one from across the sea; two with education, one stopped short of formal training, American style. These three men covered Western history from the Civil War to date. They saw the crushing of the near-white social stratum in the South, something that Garvey hated in his narrow island, Jamaica. People like Napier Garvey hated. He wanted a black race, not a mixed race. Moton did not feel that way. His wife was nearer Napier's type than his own. But Garvey hated the middle group—the octoroons and mulattoes—because the British had put them there as a buffer class to be hated. Race has always been an excuse for oppression and exploitation.

But there is a more important question still unsolved. Behind Moton, Napier, and Garvey—if we take in the West Indies—there are still 20 million people who await an answer, and the time grows close when this nation will have to give an answer. These millions are growing restless and impatient. They are still too weak to help themselves. The blacks and yellows cannot make war, but it will take a lot of war to suppress them if things go that far. And to make that war will set America back with the other parts of the world, knee-high in blood.

Louvain Stronghold of Faith

By JOAN M. TAYLOR

LOUVAIN has once again been "destroyed by Teutonic fury," as the original balustrade for the American Library was to have declared. Many of the houses which bore reconstruction plaques of a flaming torch marked 1914—1918 are again blackened, fire-swept shells; the buildings which hemmed quiet squares into the patchwork of the city are no more than scattered bricks and masonry making the streets impassable. The horse-chestnut trees along the boulevard, which was once the city wall, offer no

defense to modern armies; they no longer proudly arch a leafy cathedral aisle, and the candles which they bear in May did not light a month of peace this year. The last war, looked on in retrospect, was still a dreadful nightmare, spoken of with humor forced and always tinged with a bitter sadness as the tragic incidents inevitably slipped among the amusing ones. There were those many men who were lined up on the Place de la Station, and the revolvers counted "un, deux, pouf, un, deux, pouf . . ." and every third man lay dead, mothers, wives and children bound together in heaps on the square watching, their minds numbed with horror. That was 1914. Yesterday it was called the Place des Martyrs; today it is no more than a shell-racked space, strewn with the dead, the station bombed in repeated attacks of the German and British air forces.

Entering through the Porte de Tirlemont and bearing slightly to the right one follows the Rue des Joyeuses Entrées, the street by which Wenceslas entered the city in 1356 amid the cheers of his people. It runs undeviating into the center of the town to the Place Foch where colorful gardens neatly display serious pansy faces. How happy is that entrance now? To the Germans—yes. Their artillery has rumbled down unhindered to the Place, which perhaps even now they have renamed, if there is anything left to rename. And down the tragic Avenue des Alliées the people have retreated—westward to Brussels and beyond into Flanders, leaving Louvain to its fate. Will the Belgians ever again have the opportunity patiently to rebuild their city as they did after 1918? Can people restore the spirit of a city twice in one lifetime? Can they pick up the pieces which made Louvain the fifteenth century university town and bring back that quiet serenity which excluded the world outside? And what were these pieces which made Louvain a medieval city with the learning of centuries as a dower?

In the first days of the *blitzkrieg*, German aviators flew west of the Library tower with the dreaded new day at their backs, and returned in the cool evenings leaving more glaring flames than nature can paint in the sky. Through the anxious days the carillon still marked the dragging hours and their quarters. Now it is forever silent. Over a brief twelve years the building has symbolized learning in a courageous effort to forget the horrors of the past; it has dignified the Place du Peuple and the sunlight, hanging itself high in the tiny gold pinnacles along the roof, has winked approvingly at the peasants following laden dog-carts and the many monks and students crossing the square on the way to class. That was the new Louvain, but it held the spirit of the old—the never ending search for truth.

The town has cradled so many famous men; perhaps their spirits will remain to watch over

the narrow streets—the streets winding down from the fortified castle on the hill where Charles Quint studied during boyhood years. He must have watched the Dyle flow purposefully along its way and seen imaged there his extending empire. He too fought battles for his home, but never against a mechanism of Godless annihilation. His civilization could survive.

City of theology

The men who have made Louvain the center of theological learning through the ages paced these same dusty streets past the busy cloth halls. Often they must have left the city walls and gone out to the Abbaye du Parc, to worship where the white-robed Premonstratensians sang their office and cultivated the low-lying fields stretching away toward Namur. There were dissenting voices occasionally, such as that of Jansenius, who worked in the ivy-grown round tower which clutches precariously the banks of the muddy Dyle as it rounds the bend from the Béguinage. But the University was founded under the patronage of Our Lady and the *Sedes Sapientiae* guided faltering steps in the path of truth. Only a few years ago the flash of magenta robes across the Marché aux Grains perhaps meant Cardinal Mercier making his way to the School of Philosophy. His School may be lying in ruins now; certainly only by chance it still stands. But a war on heresy has been fought in Louvain and the truth has won—the truth which stood guard over civilization.

It is only this truth which can bring civilization through these days, darkened by barbaric destruction and wanton atrocities. Nothing else is left to the thousands of people who awoke in the black morning of May 10 and, leaving everything which meant life to them, trudged desperately away to the west, low-sweeping airplanes dropping destruction among them. There is little left of the city which flourished as the capital of Brabant in the Middle Ages. Little material, that is. But the spirit has survived before and must survive again. Shall we not again visit the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday in any of the two hundred churches and chapels of Louvain? Shall we not murmur a prayer at Father Damien's tomb—he who returned from far Molokai to the home of his youth and to the Picpus Church on Place St. Antoine, where he spent seminary days? Or shall we not stand a moment in the clean-swept, white-washed Church of the Béguinage with its grotesquely carved pulpit? Shall not the faith founded on truth prevail again and shall we not render thanks before the strange wooden statue of the *Sedes Sapientiae*, as we kneel humbly under the slim, lofty arches of the Collegiate Church of Saint Peter? The faith which has triumphed so long must prevail. We can only watch and pray.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE ATTENTION paid by the secular press this year to the annual "departure ceremonies" at Maryknoll, when twenty-three young priests of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society left the mother-house of their congregation and their families and their native land for various posts in many parts of the Orient, was gratifying both in the quantity and the quality of the publicity accorded. Beautiful and striking photographs and articles full of really valuable information were published. No doubt this fact is welcome to the directors of and workers in the Maryknoll Movement and humanly consolatory to the families and friends of the young missionaries.

It is good and helpful that this work should be widely known, outside of Catholic circles as well as within those circles; for it is of the essence of Catholicism to be universal, for its fruits to be for the sustenance and refreshment of all—indeed, to be especially intended to reach the vast masses of human beings to whom Catholicism, that is to say, the Catholic Church, is unknown, or poorly known, or known only in mistaken and utterly false ideas of it. At the same time, this burst of general publicity, occasioned each year by the picturesque and essentially dramatic character of the departure ceremonies amid the benedictive beauty and life-enhancing spirit which give Maryknoll its unique and tremendously important place in the world-wide functioning of the Church, serves also to remind us how little the Church herself, or any of her vital agencies, really depends upon secular publicity. It is gladly used, or welcomed, even striven for, within many limits not usually found in other great enterprises, but secular publicity is far indeed from being the main driving force, or its chief auxiliary, in the Church's propagation of its mission, or in the propagation by the Church's agencies of this or that special type of work, all of which must be subordinated to the Church's primary task as main, divinely appointed channel of God's supernatural forces.

Maryknoll came into existence just before the great world war—apparently at one of the most unfavorable times for the organization of a society that, like all other groups formed within the Church with the purpose of extending the Church, had, speaking humanly, in secular terms, to compete with all other existing groups for such absolutely necessary things as donations and voluntary workers, both inside and outside the ranks of the tiny group, and, most vital of all things, was obliged to compete with groups possessing great prestige and traditions (already existing orders and congregations) and, in a certain sense, with the whole Church itself in order to attract young men to enter the ranks of this new, untried, unknown little experimental group, the bearer, though few realized the truth at that time, of an almost revolutionary idea in American Catholic life.

For American Catholicism, at that time, was almost completely "isolationist," so to speak, in its spiritual and

material aspects. Of course, Catholicism here, as anywhere else, can never completely lose consciousness of its universal mission, of its supra-national, supra-racial character. Even back before the World War, when, generally speaking, American Catholics were concentrated on the tremendous task of building the Church here at home and were still hardly out of the kindly and necessary leading-strings of our former dependence upon European direction, European money, European missionaries to America, we were contributing money, at least, and even a sprinkling of volunteers, to the world-wide, world-without-end missionary enterprises of the Church Universal. But with the late Bishop James A. Walsh and Father Price, the co-founders of Maryknoll, and the scattered bishops and priests who shared their vision, our spiritual isolationism was broken through; not violently, not explosively, not with any fanfare of publicity—as secular revolutions work, as we see in nazism and communism and fascism—but, so to speak, announced by "the still, small voice" of a spiritual ideal. But once it was announced, being a conviction, perhaps even literally an illumination of grace itself, communicated to willing and self-sacrificing souls, then began and ever since has continued the hard, constant, unremitting work which has made the Maryknoll Movement the history-making phenomenon it so truly is.

I remember once hearing a conversation at Maryknoll between Bishop James A. Walsh, its chief founder, the actual realizer of its ideal, and Bishop Dunne, the late auxiliary bishop of the Archdiocese of New York. Bishop Dunne was a firm and helpful believer in American Catholic participation in foreign missions, as everybody should know; nevertheless his main task was that of taking part in the primary work of the Church's hierarchy, that of government and administration. Somebody present at the scene had remarked on the fact that from Maryknoll's lofty tower one might see the distant towers of New York City, and following the course of the Hudson River in the other direction, could almost see as far as Albany, and, with a little imagination to aid one's eyesight, well-nigh glimpse the shrine of the Martyrs of Auriesville. Along the course of the mighty Hudson, from the vast metropolis at its mouth, every few miles, at least, were dotted with the spires of Catholic churches and the towers and buildings of Catholic colleges, schools, seminaries, monasteries, nunneries, shrines. All the work of Catholics led in the first place by missionaries; a vast panorama not only of Christian piety, but of Christian culture; a marvelous achievement to be accomplished in so short a space of time. "Yes, yes!" said Bishop Walsh, the missionary, warmly; "a great story: it should be put into a book." "No, no," said Bishop Dunne, the Church administrator; "let us have no publicity about Church property, on the Hudson, or elsewhere. More and more the secular powers turn upon the Church, to control and despoil her. Let us work, but say little about our work. It is the work that matters."

Well of course Bishop Walsh agreed that it is the work that matters, not publicity, unless it really aids the work. That the secular powers of the world at least outside of the United States and the British Commonwealth of

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Report

Nations have tended ever more rapidly to the course described by Bishop Dunne all the tragic events of the last few years—still proceeding, and far from having reached their term—go to prove. And now as the Second World War proceeds, the Maryknoll American missionaries go forth to the far ends of the earth on the work which must proceed no matter whether publicity be favorable, or whether it is turned against that work: the work of Christ for humanity.

Communications

HOTELS FOR THE SCORNE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The CYO hotels as described by Joseph Bailey (July 26) indeed serve a noble purpose. They are a boon to a group that would be without the hotels, and, as the title implies, "scorned." I notice that in his piece the author states:

When the federal agencies, the CCC, the NYA and the WPA, began to absorb the transient population, the way was made clear for the present purpose of the CYO hotels.

I'm sure there are thousands of transients, the scorned without havens, who would like to read the quoted sentence and know it was the truth. It was at the inception of the WPA that the only nation-wide attempt at care for transients (Federal Transient Bureaus) was knocked into a cocked hat. The CCC camps took boys from relief families. Without such a thing as transient relief, in most states the CCC boys chosen were legally residents of a town or city. The only transients benefitting by the CCC camps were those among the war veterans who were eligible for Veteran Camps.

This is not meant as an adverse criticism, for the article is meritorious from every standpoint. My purpose here is to point out that most of the Federal institutions operate as though ignorant of the presence of about 2,000,000 transients. I point out that the correction will be supported by all those who have the interest of the transient at heart and who have for long cried out against the discriminatory manner in which he is treated.

TIM. O'BRIEN.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Philip Burnham's recent article, "National Humiliation," is lofty in suggestion and contains much of interest, but I think that in recalling times of national emergency when Presidents chose to draw upon the religious resources of the country, he overlooked an occasion of more than passing concern. This was the summer of 1849, when the United States was ravaged by one of the worst cholera epidemics in its history.

It is doubtful whether anybody today can visualize the swift and awful toll which this disease used to take in human mortality. It struck down Western immigrants, Mississippi steamboat travelers, even railroad passengers. Reports from all over the country were much the same—

the "pestilence" stalked abroad like the most fearsome spectre.

The rising tide of horror and dismay claimed the Federal government's profoundest concern. Moved by the common anxiety and sorrow, President Zachary Taylor, on July 3, issued a special proclamation, setting aside the first Friday in August as a day of national fasting and prayer. This proclamation set forth, in its very opening, the religious tradition of the nation:

At a season when the Providence of God has manifested itself in the visitation of a fearful pestilence which is spreading its ravages throughout the land, it is fitting that a people whose reliance has ever been in His protection should ever humble themselves before His Throne, and while acknowledging past transgressions, ask a continuance of the Divine Mercy.

The President couched his order for observance of the day in terms of contrast with the privileged good fortune so long enjoyed by the nation:

All business will be suspended in the various branches of public service on that day; and it is recommended to persons of all religious denominations to abstain as far as practicable from secular occupations and to assemble in their respective places of public worship, to acknowledge the Infinite Goodness which has watched over our existence as a nation, and so long crowned us with manifold blessings, and to implore the Almighty in His own good time to stay the destroying hand which is now lifted up against us. . . .

THE WAR

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: A number of recent letters to the editors have prompted me to jot down a few thoughts which may perhaps be worth recording. I must confess that my own ideas are very much in a state of flux and confusion, but from what I can observe around me, it would seem that this state of flux and confusion is general.

Can we deny that totalitarianism is growing everywhere and that there is no justification for dividing nations into categories absolutely "good" and "bad"? It is a truism to observe that realities are exceedingly complex and that definition is exceedingly difficult to establish. Hence we all of us live in an atmosphere of flux and confusion with regard to "capitalism," "democracy," "evolution," etc. To take an example: should we not examine much more closely the hypothesis of the functional interrelation between cultural traits—between political, economic, social, family, legal, ideological institutions? There is further the problem of historical growth and the assimilation of new cultural traits. Thus it is possible that political democracy is sound enough in England and the United States because it is rooted in our history and institutions, like the common law, but it would always be an exotic and short-lived thing in countries where it is not similarly rooted.

There is one point I should like very much to stress. We have been told that Irish animosity has created anti-British feeling in this country. Might I point out that the creation of this feeling can also be attributed to the continuous pounding away of the English fascists, many of whom are Catholics? It is impossible to calculate the effectiveness of continuous small-scale propaganda. Such

pamphlets as "This Publishing Business," issued by Sheed and Ward, often give people ideas that stick in their heads, and often they are ideas which the publishing firm in question would be the last to desire to propagate. But they happen to be ideas in the books published by the firm which the firm would naturally consider worth the attention of readers. Let me give an example. In Volume VI No. 2 (Fall, 1938) of "This Publishing Business," there is a note on Douglas Jerrold's "Future of Freedom." It asserts that Jerrold criticizes fascism and detests Hitlerism, but quotes Jerrold on fascism thus: "It was nothing less than the long deferred and sadly needed flowering of the Puritan spirit in the Catholic South. The essence of Puritanism is that it is at once spiritual and militant. It is a revival of spiritual energy which may, under Divine Providence, be manifested within the body of any society and of any church." In the light of present events, it is a little hard to swallow such things—and yet this instance is not the only one that could be cited.

Another English fascist—James Strachey Barnes—in his book, "Half a Life," describes wars as "excellent hygiene," and he says: "I confess that I still look back to the battle of the Somme as one of the happiest times of my life."

Or here is yet another example, in J. D. Gregory's "Dolfuss and His Times." Gregory tells us that when Dolfuss was dying "he was conscious enough to remember . . . that Mussolini, with his great heart, would look after them [his family]."

Of course, this recital could be carried on in far greater detail, but these few specimens will serve to show the trend. Many of these writers are admired by American Catholics; now their country is at war against the nation and system they held up for our admiration; naturally distrust for perfidious Albion and admiration for good fascist Italy is a likely result.

I should like also to differ strongly with Dr. Mortimer Adler in some of what he said in his article (June 28, 1940). He there attacked the policy of appeasement, but he did not seem to allow for the fact that appeasement is the only thing which makes international cooperation possible. Again he attacks the small countries of Europe for their failure to join together to stop Hitler, and thereby exhibits a strange lack of knowledge of recent European history. Thanks to the foolishness of Wilson and the meddling of France eight years ago, the whole of Central Europe had reached a desperate crisis. There never was any real desire on the part of countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria to oppose Hitlerism. I know that this statement will astonish many readers, but I am sure that a good case can be made for it. The Central European nations were more concerned with their mutual jealousies than they were in opposing a common enemy. It should always be remembered that after Munich Poland was happy to take a slice of territory.

Because a country is justified in defending itself against aggression, it has been claimed that we would be justified in anticipating "the future probability of such attack or encroachment." The application of this principle would open the door to almost unlimited potentialities for war.

There is scarcely a nation in Europe or Asia that is not virtually surrounded by hostile neighbors.

Christopher Dawson, a scholar whom I greatly admire, although I feel that many of his views should be subjected to thorough criticism and analysis, has argued that our social order is based upon a democratic dogma derived from the Enlightenment, especially from the concepts of Rousseau. Its ideals—patriotism, humanitarianism, faith in progress—were borrowed from Christian ethical teaching. Since liberalism did not create these ideals, it cannot preserve them. The skepticism of the Enlightenment has now been turned against liberalism.

In economics the development of modern industrialism apparently demands a corresponding organization of political and social life. Hence, as I said before, the drift toward totalitarianism is evident everywhere. In this it may be that the distributists and anti-industrialists are right. Industrialism can end by destroying the political and social values of the democracy of liberalism which created it.

I would not in any way gloat over the prospect of a decline of liberty and democracy. Rather I feel as though there was nothing left but a sort of defeatism and that there is nothing we can do about it. Perhaps democracy and liberalism rest on Rousseauistic postulates of the perfection of human nature, which are contrary to fact. Certainly it is true that democracy must have a very widespread ownership and control of property if it is to exist. It may be that the development of modern capitalism has destroyed this indispensable economic base. Is it or is it not possible to restore some degree of the necessary economic equality?

THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

The Screen

"In the Forest of the Night"

ANYONE who has any illusions about what soft jobs truck drivers have should see "*They Drive by Night*." Based on "The Long Haul" by A. I. Bezzerides (who belongs to the Hemingway-Cain-O'Hara hard-boiled school), this lively film shows what these drivers go through with their sleepless nights, exhaustingly long drives, meals at roadside stands, doubtful income, risks and wrecks and why they are "tougher than any truck that came off an assembly line." Tough guys like these use strong, rough language and Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay did not prepare their script for delicate ears. Brothers George Raft and Humphrey Bogart, partners in the business until Bogart loses an arm in a wreck, can be as tough as any of 'em and can handle the short, terse speeches. Oomphish Ann Sheridan retorts in snappy comebacks as she slings hash over the counter. After the first half, the story suddenly takes a turn in another direction without moving too far from its trucking theme or relenting in its hardness. But Ida Lupino steals the plot away from the stars. As the wife of big, burly hard-drinking Alan Hale, she makes a play for Raft and stops at nothing, not even murder, to get her man. Raoul Walsh's strong direction gets effective cinema acting from

this cast and ties the two parts of the story together to make an interesting whole.

"*The Fugitive*," an English film of understated violence, comes very close to being an outstanding picture—particularly in its first part in which Director Brian Desmond Hurst employs an unusual technique to heighten the excitement and suspense. The characters, in this moving story of a tenement-district barber who first commits theft and then murder, make their speeches almost as if they were soliloquies with the driving forces of conscience goading each person to expose the baseness in his soul. Fine performances are turned in by Ralph Richardson as the criminal barber, Diana Wynyard as his wife who knows but still wants to protect him, Romney Brent as a half-cracked sailor who first hopes to collect the reward but then tries to save the fugitive, Henry Oscar as the mean, Bach-loving store-keeper who is murdered. Relentless pursuit of police, vicious neighbors and a mingling of nerves and sense of guilt finally defeat Richardson. Unfortunately the prolonged story's use of accident and lack of motivation fail to carry the conviction of "The Informer," a film which "The Fugitive" aims at but does not succeed in duplicating.

"This can't be love because I feel so well," sings Rosemary Lane as she falls for Allan Jones whom she thinks is her sister's (Irene Hervey's) husband, but really he's Allan Jones, his twin. Martha Raye swings "The Greeks Had No Word for It" and proceeds to confuse her husband Joe Penner with his twin, Joe Penner. This sounds Gertrude Steinish because it is "*The Boys from Syracuse*," directed by Edward Sutherland from George Abbott's musical comedy, and this high jinks, which has retained most of the swell Rodgers-Hart lyrics and music, makes frothy summer entertainment. The story which Shakespeare swiped from someone else years ago and called "A Comedy of Errors" doesn't require much concentration and attempts to get its fun from the risqué mix-up between husbands and wives and the anachronisms of newspapers, cigars, radios, etc., in a Greek setting. This giddy humor (cleaned up quite a bit in its transference from stage to cinema—but still not for young folk), the situations themselves and the modern devices and wisecracks thrown back in Ephesus finally become too forced even with such reliables as Charles Butterworth and Eric Blore to help put them over. Audiences will catch on to the confusion caused by double cases of mistaken identity much sooner than the cast, but will enjoy the tunes, costumes and some of the trick photography—the best of which shows Jones singing a duet with himself.

Africa speaks up again in a couple of new films. "*Leopard Men of Africa*" may be the real thing all right as far as the pictures taken by Explorer Paul L. Hoefler are concerned. But they have been edited with the artifices of most fiction films and pepped up in a racy commentary recited by a narrator to emphasize the sensational aspects of a jungle thriller: savages "gone mad with blood lust"; primitive customs; cruel initiation ceremonies "almost more than human flesh can bear"; half-brute, half-human leopard men who always "stalk" to their deathly rendezvous. Audiences who survive the

scenes designed to turn the strongest stomachs may get a couple of laughs out of the film's naïve cutting which leads one to suspect that too much footage was arranged in a studio.—More on the authentic side, although also interspersed with obvious studio shots, is "*I Married Adventure*." Based on Osa Johnson's recent book, it follows Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson into Borneo and on several of their safaris (by foot, automobile and airplane) into the Dark Continent. Stressing animal life as well as savages and avoiding the lurid, this bit of cinema adventure-travel succeeds in impressing audiences with its interesting facts and educational high lights. Furthermore, its occasional sense of humor—antics of Teddy the Chimp, pygmies smoking cigars—keeps you from getting too nervous about the flying snakes and the exciting capture of an orangutan.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Mr. Noyes' *De Civitate Dei*

No Other Man. Alfred Noyes. Stokes. \$2.50.

SAINT AUGUSTINE was greatly saddened, but he did not despair for the West, when with startled eyes he saw the barbarians move from their deep forest homes and crash into and overrun the Roman Empire, which Romans had come to regard as eternal. Amid the smoking ruins he wrote the imperishable "*De Civitate Dei*," wherein he traced the religious and moral causes of Rome's decline and fall; and with courage and hope he anticipated the Christendom that phoenixlike was soon to rise from the ashes of a passion-burnt empire. Now Alfred Noyes, a Catholic and a citizen of a world empire, unhappily witnesses the awful spectacle of barbaric fury sweeping across his world, and even now battering the gates and striking against the ramparts and defenses of his empire. Contemplating this nihilist conquest of Europe, he decided to write, according to his own talents and on his different plane, a sort of "*De Civitate Dei*" for the threatened West. In the case of this poet and essayist, this meant a tract in the form of a novel.

What must be remembered in reading this work is that Mr. Noyes is not a novelist but a poet. The story therefore is not meant to be the thing in the book, however much it holds our attention. Nor does he succeed in endowing his characters with the full reality and feeling of humans. His people are too reasonable, and, with the exception of the villain Mardok, too wise and good. Even the man selected by God, Noah, was not perfect. But in all fairness to Mr. Noyes, it must be admitted that few if any of the greatest novelists have really succeeded in breathing the full breath of life in the positively good and wise characters of their novels. It is a pleasure to report that I greatly enjoyed reading the book, despite its shortcomings in characterization. The story is a parable, an allegory, a statement in the language of symbolism of Catholic truths, of the long conflict between the unseen forces of good and evil, of the self-destruction of evil and the ultimate triumph of good. This beautiful novel also gives Mr. Noyes an opportunity to state his esthetic and social philosophy.

For many generations, relates Mr. Noyes in his allegory, the politicians of the world have been declaring that under certain circumstances they would fight to "the last man." Of course, the ordinary people did what the

heads of their respective states did; they didn't believe that the governments of other nations would be so foolhardy as to mean what their spokesmen said. Unfortunately, a leader, Grumkow, arose who fanatically believed what he said and who made no bones about broadcasting his beliefs and intentions to the world. He, too, would fight to the last man and he would employ any and every means to gain victory. The world belongs to the fittest, to the people who can take it, and his enemies had better beware, for in "the last resort" he would let loose upon the world his "secret weapon" of so great a power as completely to wipe it out in the lightning flash of a second. In "No Other Man," however, the plans of the secret weapon had been stolen and sold to all the major powers. When the politicians finally did hurl their countries into the abyss of war and the occasion for the "last resort" arrived, they all used the "secret weapon" and thus wiped out the human race. There survived an Englishman, Mark Adams, Evelyn Hamilton, an American, Mardok, an evil genius, and a few people of Assisi. Mark escaped death because when the secret weapon acted, he was lying fortunately unconscious in a submarine deep in the waters of the English Channel, and Evelyn and Mardok because they were in a sort of bathysphere off the coast of Italy. The story tells of Mark's search for other survivors over England, France and Italy, his meeting with Evelyn, their escape from Mardok and their discovery of the other survivors at Assisi, where they settle.

Judged by the standards of our hurried days of blood and violence, the latter part of the nineteenth century was indeed an age of wonderful calm. Yet, as Mr. Noyes points out, it was also the sowing time of a harvest now being reaped, a time of fecundation and conception of a culture now fighting for dominance. The Reformation had been, whatever else it was, an attack upon constituted authority and Aristotelian reason; but, as we have come to see, it did not desperately injure Western culture because the old religious and ethical views died hard even among those who accepted the new teaching. It is the latter part of the nineteenth century, observes Mr. Noyes, that bears the dubious honor of achieving the great deracination of the Occident from its Christian soil. The apostasy of the masses became a reality from one end of the West to the other. God was exiled and the Supernatural was confused with the weird and grotesque. The bourgeois mind allowed religion to exist as a facing and as a narcotic to ease the pain and to control the exploited masses, but it was plainly understood that the Church was a beggar, remaining hat in hand outside the councils of the new lords of industry, finance and politics. The new fashion, says Mr. Noyes, was to interpret the higher values in terms of the lower. God became an anthropomorphic creation of man, love was reduced to what is commonly called "love-life," social life was based on power and expediency instead of justice and charity, and Christian beliefs were emptied of their content. God as the eternal ground of an objective moral law was ignored and that there is a real distinction between good and evil was denied.

The man Grumkow who nearly destroyed the world had listened to the professors of the new paganism and had drawn the logical conclusions which the men of the nineteenth century were too genteel and gentle to draw. They had not done so partly through inertia, partly because there still existed in them the relics and the fragmentary remains of Christian Europe. The secularist

liberals retained some idea of man's dignity; the Marxists managed to hold their faith in man's reason. But Mr. Noyes's Herr Grumkow was free from any restraining influences and he turned his opponents' own atheism upon the world. He, as well as his enemies, lost the war because his opponents possessed the same "secret weapon" he used. But the principles and culture he represented died with his defeat because the survivors regained their belief in human reason as a valid instrument for the attainment of truth about man and God and returned to the religion of Saint Francis of Assisi.

When we shall have followed in their footsteps by journeying back to the Source and Faith whence we have wandered to squander our Western inheritance, then will we joyously feel and sing that lovely Tuscan song Mark and Evelyn heard as it rose above the Umbrian hills, where they came after escaping from Mardok:

"It has come back—the flower of youth and spring.
It has come back—the green leaf to the plain,
It has come back—the heart that once took wing;
My true love's heart has found its home again."

JOSEPH CALDERON.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Harry Bridges on Trial. Estolw E. Ward. Modern Age. \$0.50.

JUST ABOUT a year ago Harry Bridges, the West Coast labor leader, was tried by the Department of Labor on deportation charges that he was an alien and "a member of, or affiliated with" the Communist Party, a revolutionary organization advocating violent overthrow of the US Government.

"Harry Bridges on Trial" is an account of the trial's background, the evidence presented, and the decision reached by James M. Landis, dean of the Harvard Law School, who had been appointed trial examiner by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.

The book is written in unorthodox fashion, with imagined conversations and anonymous characters strewn liberally and dubiously throughout. Mr. Ward's writing style reminds one of nothing so much as the "Rover Boys" books, while his general viewpoint appears to be that of the author of the "Rover Boys" books crossed with the Communist Party line. Consequently his book can be recommended to absolutely no one except perhaps those who are greatly interested in Bridges and are unable to get hold of either the official record or the Landis decision.

The decision, of course, was that the government's witnesses (for the most part as handsome a pack of assorted rats, stooges and dopes as ever assembled under one roof) were not credible and that the government had not proved that Bridges was either "a member of or affiliated with" the Communist Party. It was therefore irrelevant whether or not the Party advocated violent overthrow of the US Government. ("Affiliation" was defined as a "bond of mutual cooperation and alliance that entails continuing reciprocal duties and responsibilities.")

It is the opinion of many credible witnesses in the labor movement that Bridges is either affiliated with the Communist Party in the given meaning of the word or so loyal a friend and fellow-traveler that it is practically impossible to distinguish his loyalty from affiliation. However it is almost certain that none of these witnesses would appear before a deportation hearing—and for very good reasons.

Everyone knows, for example, that the Communist Party would attempt to overthrow the US Government tomorrow morning if it thought there was half a chance of succeeding. So would the Bund or any one of a dozen other organizations founded upon anti-democratic principles involving the use of organized violence when expedient. And yet none of these organizations has been outlawed; they all continue to function legally and openly.

Why then should one lend oneself to an attempt to discriminate against a particular individual and liquidate him simply because he happens to be an alien? Especially when this attempt has been engineered mostly by anti-labor employers who are not interested in Bridges the communist half as much as they are in Bridges the militant labor leader who has been much too effective for their taste in winning just demands for the workers he represents?

Bridges the communist remains a problem, though it is a problem secondary to that of Browder the communist and the whole business of allowing revolutionary groups quietly (or noisily) to prepare for their individual revolutions. It is also for Catholics and the Catholic Church a problem of little comparative importance to the problem presented by the facts that (1) Bridges, like many another radical labor leader, rose to prominence through the failure or corruption of allegedly Catholic labor leaders like Joe Ryan, who tried to sell out Bridges's longshoremen during the 1934 strike on Frisco's Embarcadero; (2) Bridges was first drawn to the Communist Party because that Party and its members won his gratitude by their effective support of labor's just demands when nearly every other group appeared to be hostile, indifferent or incapable of lending such support; (3) Bridges was born and raised a Catholic.

These things do not excuse Bridges the communist, but they do constitute something really worth thinking about.

JOHN C. CORT.

The American Presidency. Harold J. Laski. Harper. \$2.50.

IN THIS TIMELY and provocative volume, a collection of lectures delivered at Indiana University last year, Professor Laski seeks to interpret the presidency, not as an abstract political concept, but rather as a living, dynamic force in American life through the century and a half of our national existence. With calm incisiveness he throws into sharp relief the strength and weakness of the American system today and suggests certain reforms which, in his opinion, will be produced "less by direct constitutional innovation than by the repercussion upon the political framework of the immense social and economic changes that are going on before our eyes." Three chapters deal with the president and his cabinet, the president and Congress, and the presidential relation to foreign affairs. The introductory and concluding chapters emphasize an issue of major magnitude in the context of the presidency.

Professor Laski argues that leadership can come from the presidency alone. He therefore laments the fact that the forces which operate against continuity of presidential leadership are immense. There is the intricate system of checks and balances between the executive and Congress which gives to each an interest in the diminution of authority instead of its consolidation. There is the fear of governmental regulation. There is the abhorrence of executive dictatorship. Despite the very great power now wielded so imperiously by Mr. Roosevelt, the distinguished

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ADDRESS SISTER DIRECTRESS

professor of political science in the University of London believes that it is still an open question whether the president has sufficient "elbowroom" for a fully constructive job.

"The positive state," he writes, "demands positive parties; and positive parties demand positive presidents. That is the only way in which a democracy can be enabled to affirm its own essence; and a democracy that cannot affirm its own essence is compelled to the loss of its dynamic principle. When that period arrives, its downfall is always imminent."

The question that Professor Laski raises goes to the root of the whole scheme of American government. He argues persuasively and cogently that the president should be elected by a direct national vote and that he should not be compelled to accept or reject congressional measures as a whole. But his major reform consists in a still greater concentration of power in the executive.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

HISTORY

German Economy, 1870 to 1940. Gustav Stalper. Reynal. \$3.00.

THE AUTHOR seeks to disclose the continuity of the trend underlying German economic history of the last two or three generations: "the ascendancy of the state over the economic life of the nation." In this he is successful; it is now commonly acknowledged that Germany never had a "pure economy," that the liberalism of the German world has been no *laissez faire*, in the sense of the English classics, and that German economic reasoning and behavior always remained mercantilistic, particularly in their final ends and purposes. The author rightly stresses that this very nature of German economic thought and practice made the task of totalitarian regimentation by the present German government much easier than it would have been in any other country; for Germany, individualism and competitive market economy were no obstacles to the economic *potentiel de guerre*. Through socialization of the transportation system, which was already completed before the first World War, through the traditional cartelization of industry and through a broad system of agricultural subsidies reaching back to the protective tariffs of 1879, uncontrolled production became a rare exception in Germany, and some slight changes after 1933 were sufficient to convert the economic organization of the country into a huge state agency. Without open expropriations and explicit socialization this most comprehensive regimentation of economy known in social history proves to be far more efficient than legal transfer of the means of production to the state, as advocated by Marxian socialists.

The author does not touch the question whether this is a universal trend in all states, and whether Germany is not, as often in history, the "laboratory" of the world. It is highly probable that the war will everywhere accelerate tendencies similar to those which are now victorious in Germany; to reverse them will be hardly feasible. It would have been worthwhile thus to broaden the basis of the book, and to attempt a description of the future interrelationships of a multitude of totalitarian economic systems.

There are also some theoretical shortcomings: the high rate of interest in post-war Germany was the result not so much of the "shortage of capital," but of the increased liquidity preference, a natural result of every inflation; the deflationary policy of Brüning (1930-1932) was

inevitable so long as the still existing reparation debts rendered a highly favorable balance of trade necessary; the large foreign, especially American, loans flowing into Germany (1925-1929) were not favorable to the payment of reparations, but prevented Germany, by their inflationary effects, from attaining a price level considerably lower than that of the recipient states, which alone would have enabled Germany to pay reparations out of the actual surplus of exports over imports. But despite these and similar shortcomings, the book will prove very helpful for the student of German economic and social development.

SPECTATOR.

SCIENCE

Down to Earth. Alan Devoe. Coward. \$2.50.

THE EARLY chapters depict the birth, reproduction and death of a variety of animals ranging from worms to mammals. The presentation is excellent in spite of some circumlocution. The data are accurate, but sometimes technically expressed. In portraying the relationship of man to animals Devoe takes the view of *archy* and *mehitabel* in the case of the wolf, lamb and man, but his acceptance of the situation is maturely lacking in Marquis's cynicism. There is repeated complaint that complacency about nature is growing. Yet it is with the acme of complacency that the author describes situations which he says give him ecstasy. What he is probably objecting to in others is indifference.

The final chapters indict mankind for being "over-civilized." The symptoms arrayed range from the increase of neurosis and a "desperate need for a return to piety," to a disparate despondency over fear that man will forget that he is a "predatory, procreative, dung-dropping biped," and positive chagrin because infants are no longer delivered on the sidewalk or in the kitchen. The primitive virtues are lauded and then man found lacking because, among other reasons, "His copulation [is] a stylized acrobatic," whatever that may mean. Apparently he would prefer the sadistic mating of the cat, which he vividly portrays.

In general this book affords an excellent example of the rantings that at every age condemn that age, taking no cognizance of the balance maintained by the virtues and sins of mankind regardless of society's outer trappings. This reviewer would like to suggest that the number of persons receiving treatment as neurotics is not so dangerously significant as the number of writers and street corner gossipers who find in neuroses or in the bad men who are currently making headlines proof that our world is in chaos.

J. MCK. KATER.

WAR

The Imperial Soviets. Henry C. Wolfe. Doubleday. \$2.50.

YEARS AGO, after German monarchists had tried in vain to make an ally of Lenin converted to moderate capitalism and religious tolerance, one of their number wrote a book the thesis of which was that Bolshevik Russia would revive the imperialist tactic of the Czars. The principal virtue of Mr. Wolfe's graphic and interesting account is that it demonstrates the complete fulfillment of that prophecy. It was hard to believe, years ago, when all our own Kremlinites were assailing imperialism, that Stalin was merely another Ivan the Terrible, boasting the same Pan-Russian creed. I think it is clear enough now, though Mr. Wolfe may overdo a little the cold, long-distance intellect of the Russian dic-

tator. Perhaps what happened is a little simpler than that, and also a little more complex. The truth of the matter was that Trotzky and the rest had never got over being a little revolutionary clique in the mountains of Switzerland during World War I, whereas the day for that sort of thing had passed. Russians had starved in order that the proceeds from wheat dumped on the Amsterdam market might be spent propagandizing Germany; and then the nazis had smashed German communism beyond repair, as indeed anyone else could have done. The little revolutions that would produce the big revolution always petered out, and the canny Oriental who came from Georgia added up a column of figures and got angry.

Mr. Wolfe's book is a first rate journalistic commentary on the events which led from the first Russo-German alliance of 1922 to the Stalin-Hitler Pact which rocked the world of 1940. It is deftly shown that the French agreement, for which Barthou had labored so earnestly, had only a limited value, which was put to a fatal test by Daladier at Munich; that the subsequent endorsement of Hitler was from the Pan-Russian point of view quite inevitable; that Mr. Litvinov had been a tool the utility of which was always calmly appraised in Moscow; and that henceforth the issue is whether Hitler can have what he wants without giving Stalin more. So far the Russian winnings are impressive. Nothing in the German propaganda arsenal can ever induce the Reich to accept with good grace the evacuation of the minorities in the Baltic states; and Stalin's victory over Finland was only a little less unpalatable. Both these events are humiliations which simply cannot be endured for long, and there are in addition economic and military set-backs of so impressive a character that not even the conquest of Poland is a compensation.

Adolf Hitler may be "the German Kerensky," thinks Mr. Wolfe. In that event, Western Europe will collapse, and the Bolshevik system will make the Continent a kind of laboratory for Russian experiment. It may be so. It may be that unreason will continue to prevail in Germany, and that the ultimate outcome will be liquidation of the *kulak* in all countries. But there is still a chance, and a good one, that Germany may close its campaign in the West at whatever cost of prestige. If then it turned, under different leadership, against Stalin, the victories he has won to date might seem small change, indeed. But read Mr. Wolfe.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

M Day and What It Means to You. Leo M. Cherne. S. & S. \$1.00.

THIS IS one of Simon and Schuster's blown-up pamphlets, giving "the dope" to the layman. It is based on known plans for military and industrial mobilization in case of war and on experience in the last war. It does not to any great degree take into consideration the compulsory military training ideas for peacetime which, if passed, would necessarily change the pattern a lot. The technique is to direct the information directly at the reader, telling him with as great likelihood as possible what would happen to a man in his situation. The effect on the conduct of business is elaborated usefully. One would have to love war very much indeed, and dislike freedom very bitterly to welcome the regulations which Mr. Cherne considers most likely if the country goes to war.

P. B.

ORATE FRATRES

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heads of their respective states did; they didn't believe that the governments of other nations would be so foolhardy as to mean what their spokesmen said. Unfortunately, a leader, Grumkow, arose who fanatically believed what he said and who made no bones about broadcasting his beliefs and intentions to the world. He, too, would fight to the last man and he would employ any and every means to gain victory. The world belongs to the fittest, to the people who can take it, and his enemies had better beware, for in "the last resort" he would let loose upon the world his "secret weapon" of so great a power as completely to wipe it out in the lightning flash of a second. In "No Other Man," however, the plans of the secret weapon had been stolen and sold to all the major powers. When the politicians finally did hurl their countries into the abyss of war and the occasion for the "last resort" arrived, they all used the "secret weapon" and thus wiped out the human race. There survived an Englishman, Mark Adams, Evelyn Hamilton, an American, Mardok, an evil genius, and a few people of Assisi. Mark escaped death because when the secret weapon acted, he was lying fortunately unconscious in a submarine deep in the waters of the English Channel, and Evelyn and Mardok because they were in a sort of bathysphere off the coast of Italy. The story tells of Mark's search for other survivors over England, France and Italy, his meeting with Evelyn, their escape from Mardok and their discovery of the other survivors at Assisi, where they settle.

Judged by the standards of our hurried days of blood and violence, the latter part of the nineteenth century was indeed an age of wonderful calm. Yet, as Mr. Noyes points out, it was also the sowing time of a harvest now being reaped, a time of fecundation and conception of a culture now fighting for dominance. The Reformation had been, whatever else it was, an attack upon constituted authority and Aristotelian reason; but, as we have come to see, it did not desperately injure Western culture because the old religious and ethical views died hard even among those who accepted the new teaching. It is the latter part of the nineteenth century, observes Mr. Noyes, that bears the dubious honor of achieving the great deracination of the Occident from its Christian soil. The apostasy of the masses became a reality from one end of the West to the other. God was exiled and the Supernatural was confused with the weird and grotesque. The bourgeois mind allowed religion to exist as a facing and as a narcotic to ease the pain and to control the exploited masses, but it was plainly understood that the Church was a beggar, remaining hat in hand outside the councils of the new lords of industry, finance and politics. The new fashion, says Mr. Noyes, was to interpret the higher values in terms of the lower. God became an anthropomorphic creation of man, love was reduced to what is commonly called "love-life," social life was based on power and expediency instead of justice and charity, and Christian beliefs were emptied of their content. God as the eternal ground of an objective moral law was ignored and that there is a real distinction between good and evil was denied.

The man Grumkow who nearly destroyed the world had listened to the professors of the new paganism and had drawn the logical conclusions which the men of the nineteenth century were too genteel and gentle to draw. They had not done so partly through inertia, partly because there still existed in them the relics and the fragmentary remains of Christian Europe. The secularist

liberals retained some idea of man's dignity; the Marxists managed to hold their faith in man's reason. But Mr. Noyes's Herr Grumkow was free from any restraining influences and he turned his opponents' own atheism upon the world. He, as well as his enemies, lost the way because his opponents possessed the same "secret weapon" he used. But the principles and culture he represented died with his defeat because the survivors regained their belief in human reason as a valid instrument for the attainment of truth about man and God and returned to the religion of Saint Francis of Assisi.

When we shall have followed in their footsteps by journeying back to the Source and Faith whence we have wandered to squander our Western inheritance, then will we joyously feel and sing that lovely Tuscan song Mark and Evelyn heard as it rose above the Umbrian hills, where they came after escaping from Mardok:

"It has come back—the flower of youth and spring.
It has come back—the green leaf to the plain,
It has come back—the heart that once took wing,
My true love's heart has found its home again."

JOSEPH CALDERON.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Harry Bridges on Trial. Estolw E. Ward. Modern Age. \$0.50.

JUST ABOUT a year ago Harry Bridges, the West Coast labor leader, was tried by the Department of Labor on deportation charges that he was an alien and "a member of, or affiliated with" the Communist Party, a revolutionary organization advocating violent overthrow of the US Government.

"Harry Bridges on Trial" is an account of the trial's background, the evidence presented, and the decision reached by James M. Landis, dean of the Harvard Law School, who had been appointed trial examiner by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.

The book is written in unorthodox fashion, with imagined conversations and anonymous characters strewn liberally and dubiously throughout. Mr. Ward's writing style reminds one of nothing so much as the "Rover Boys" books, while his general viewpoint appears to be that of the author of the "Rover Boys" books crossed with the Communist Party line. Consequently his book can be recommended to absolutely no one except perhaps those who are greatly interested in Bridges and are unable to get hold of either the official record or the Landis decision.

The decision, of course, was that the government's witnesses (for the most part as handsome a pack of assorted rats, stooges and dopes as ever assembled under one roof) were not credible and that the government had not proved that Bridges was either "a member of or affiliated with" the Communist Party. It was therefore irrelevant whether or not the Party advocated violent overthrow of the US Government. ("Affiliation" was defined as a "bond of mutual cooperation and alliance that entails continuing reciprocal duties and responsibilities.")

It is the opinion of many credible witnesses in the labor movement that Bridges is either affiliated with the Communist Party in the given meaning of the word or so loyal a friend and fellow-traveler that it is practically impossible to distinguish his loyalty from affiliation. However it is almost certain that none of these witnesses would appear before a deportation hearing—and for very good reasons.

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Everyone knows, for example, that the Communist Party would attempt to overthrow the US Government tomorrow morning if it thought there was half a chance of succeeding. So would the Bund or any one of a dozen other organizations founded upon anti-democratic principles involving the use of organized violence when expedient. And yet none of these organizations has been outlawed; they all continue to function legally and openly.

Why then should one lend oneself to an attempt to discriminate against a particular individual and liquidate him simply because he happens to be an alien? Especially when this attempt has been engineered mostly by anti-labor employers who are not interested in Bridges the communist half as much as they are in Bridges the militant labor leader who has been much too effective for their taste in winning just demands for the workers he represents?

Bridges the communist remains a problem, though it is a problem secondary to that of Browder the communist and the whole business of allowing revolutionary groups quietly (or noisily) to prepare for their individual revolutions. It is also for Catholics and the Catholic Church a problem of little comparative importance to the problem presented by the facts that (1) Bridges, like many another radical labor leader, rose to prominence through the failure or corruption of allegedly Catholic labor leaders like Joe Ryan, who tried to sell out Bridges's longshoremen during the 1934 strike on Frisco's Embarcadero; (2) Bridges was first drawn to the Communist Party because that Party and its members won his gratitude by their effective support of labor's just demands when nearly every other group appeared to be hostile, indifferent or incapable of lending such support; (3) Bridges was born and raised a Catholic.

These things do not excuse Bridges the communist, but they do constitute something really worth thinking about.

JOHN C. CORT.

The American Presidency. Harold J. Laski. Harper. \$2.50.

IN THIS TIMELY and provocative volume, a collection of lectures delivered at Indiana University last year, Professor Laski seeks to interpret the presidency, not as an abstract political concept, but rather as a living, dynamic force in American life through the century and a half of our national existence. With calm incisiveness he throws into sharp relief the strength and weakness of the American system today and suggests certain reforms which, in his opinion, will be produced "less by direct constitutional innovation than by the repercussion upon the political framework of the immense social and economic changes that are going on before our eyes." Three chapters deal with the president and his cabinet, the president and Congress, and the presidential relation to foreign affairs. The introductory and concluding chapters emphasize an issue of major magnitude in the context of the presidency.

Professor Laski argues that leadership can come from the presidency alone. He therefore laments the fact that the forces which operate against continuity of presidential leadership are immense. There is the intricate system of checks and balances between the executive and Congress which gives to each an interest in the diminution of authority instead of its consolidation. There is the fear of governmental regulation. There is the abhorrence of executive dictatorship. Despite the very great power now wielded so imperiously by Mr. Roosevelt, the distinguished

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professor of political science in the University of London believes that it is still an open question whether the president has sufficient "elbowroom" for a fully constructive job.

"The positive state," he writes, "demands positive parties; and positive parties demand positive presidents. That is the only way in which a democracy can be enabled to affirm its own essence; and a democracy that cannot affirm its own essence is compelled to the loss of its dynamic principle. When that period arrives, its downfall is always imminent."

The question that Professor Laski raises goes to the root of the whole scheme of American government. He argues persuasively and cogently that the president should be elected by a direct national vote and that he should not be compelled to accept or reject congressional measures as a whole. But his major reform consists in a still greater concentration of power in the executive.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

HISTORY

German Economy, 1870 to 1940. Gustav Stalper. Reynal. \$3.00.

THE AUTHOR seeks to disclose the continuity of the trend underlying German economic history of the last two or three generations: "the ascendancy of the state over the economic life of the nation." In this he is successful; it is now commonly acknowledged that Germany never had a "pure economy," that the liberalism of the German world has been no *laissez faire*, in the sense of the English classics, and that German economic reasoning and behavior always remained mercantilistic, particularly in their final ends and purposes. The author rightly stresses that this very nature of German economic thought and practice made the task of totalitarian regimentation by the present German government much easier than it would have been in any other country; for Germany, individualism and competitive market economy were no obstacles to the economic *potentiel de guerre*. Through socialization of the transportation system, which was already completed before the first World War, through the traditional cartelization of industry and through a broad system of agricultural subsidies reaching back to the protective tariffs of 1879, uncontrolled production became a rare exception in Germany, and some slight changes after 1933 were sufficient to convert the economic organization of the country into a huge state agency. Without open expropriations and explicit socialization this most comprehensive regimentation of economy known in social history proves to be far more efficient than legal transfer of the means of production to the state, as advocated by Marxian socialists.

The author does not touch the question whether this is a universal trend in all states, and whether Germany is not, as often in history, the "laboratory" of the world. It is highly probable that the war will everywhere accelerate tendencies similar to those which are now victorious in Germany; to reverse them will be hardly feasible. It would have been worthwhile thus to broaden the basis of the book, and to attempt a description of the future interrelationships of a multitude of totalitarian economic systems.

There are also some theoretical shortcomings: the high rate of interest in post-war Germany was the result not so much of the "shortage of capital," but of the increased liquidity preference, a natural result of every inflation; the deflationary policy of Brüning (1930-1932) was

inevitable so long as the still existing reparation debt rendered a highly favorable balance of trade necessary; the large foreign, especially American, loans flowing into Germany (1925-1929) were not favorable to the payment of reparations, but prevented Germany, by their inflationary effects, from attaining a price level considerably lower than that of the recipient states, which alone would have enabled Germany to pay reparations out of the actual surplus of exports over imports. But despite these and similar shortcomings, the book will prove very helpful for the student of German economic and social development.

SPECTATOR.

SCIENCE

Down to Earth. Alan Devoe. Coward. \$2.50.

THE EARLY chapters depict the birth, reproduction and death of a variety of animals ranging from worms to mammals. The presentation is excellent in spite of some circumlocution. The data are accurate, but sometimes technically expressed. In portraying the relationship of man to animals Devoe takes the view of *archy* and *mehitabel* in the case of the wolf, lamb and man, but his acceptance of the situation is maturely lacking in Marquis's cynicism. There is repeated complaint that complacency about nature is growing. Yet it is with the acme of complacency that the author describes situations which he says give him ecstasy. What he is probably objecting to in others is indifference.

The final chapters indict mankind for being "over-civilized." The symptoms arrayed range from the increase of neurosis and a "desperate need for a return to piety," to a disparate despondency over fear that man will forget that he is a "predatory, procreative, dung-dropping biped," and positive chagrin because infants are no longer delivered on the sidewalk or in the kitchen. The primitive virtues are lauded and then man found lacking because, among other reasons, "His copulation [is] a stylized acrobatic," whatever that may mean. Apparently he would prefer the sadistic mating of the cat, which he vividly portrays.

In general this book affords an excellent example of the rantings that at every age condemn that age, taking no cognizance of the balance maintained by the virtues and sins of mankind regardless of society's outer trappings. This reviewer would like to suggest that the number of persons receiving treatment as neurotics is not so dangerously significant as the number of writers and street corner gossipers who find in neuroses or in the bad men who are currently making headlines proof that our world is in chaos.

J. MCK. KATER.

WAR

The Imperial Soviets. Henry C. Wolfe. Doubleday. \$2.50.

YEARS AGO, after German monarchists had tried in vain to make an ally of Lenin converted to moderate capitalism and religious tolerance, one of their number wrote a book the thesis of which was that Bolshevik Russia would revive the imperialist tactic of the Czars. The principal virtue of Mr. Wolfe's graphic and interesting account is that it demonstrates the complete fulfillment of that prophecy. It was hard to believe, years ago, when all our own Kremlinites were assaulting imperialism, that Stalin was merely another Ivan the Terrible, boasting the same Pan-Russian creed. I think it is clear enough now, though Mr. Wolfe may overdo a little the cold, long-distance intellect of the Russian dic-

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Mr. Wolfe's book is a first rate journalistic commentary on the events which led from the first Russo-German alliance of 1922 to the Stalin-Hitler Pact which rocked the world of 1940. It is deftly shown that the French agreement, for which Barthou had labored so earnestly, had only a limited value, which was put to a fatal test by Daladier at Munich; that the subsequent endorsement of Hitler was from the Pan-Russian point of view quite inevitable; that Mr. Litvinov had been a tool the utility of which was always calmly appraised in Moscow; and that henceforth the issue is whether Hitler can have what he wants without giving Stalin more. So far the Russian winnings are impressive. Nothing in the German propaganda arsenal can ever induce the Reich to accept with good grace the evacuation of the minorities in the Baltic states; and Stalin's victory over Finland was only a little less unpalatable. Both these events are humiliations which simply cannot be endured for long, and there are in addition economic and military set-backs of so impressive a character that not even the conquest of Poland is a compensation.

Adolf Hitler may be "the German Kerensky," thinks Mr. Wolfe. In that event, Western Europe will collapse, and the Bolshevik system will make the Continent a kind of laboratory for Russian experiment. It may be so. It may be that unreason will continue to prevail in Germany, and that the ultimate outcome will be liquidation of the *kulak* in all countries. But there is still a chance, and a good one, that Germany may close its campaign in the West at whatever cost of prestige. If then it turned, under different leadership, against Stalin, the victories he has won to date might seem small change, indeed. But read Mr. Wolfe.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

M Day and What It Means to You. Leo M. Cherne. S. & S. \$1.00.

THIS IS one of Simon and Schuster's blown-up pamphlets, giving "the dope" to the layman. It is based on known plans for military and industrial mobilization in case of war and on experience in the last war. It does not to any great degree take into consideration the compulsory military training ideas for peacetime which, if passed, would necessarily change the pattern a lot. The technique is to direct the information directly at the reader, telling him with as great likelihood as possible what would happen to a man in his situation. The effect on the conduct of business is elaborated usefully. One would have to love war very much indeed, and dislike freedom very bitterly to welcome the regulations which Mr. Cherne considers most likely if the country goes to war.

P. R.

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THE YEAR 1940 is being celebrated as the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana, from Ruille-sur-Loire, France. In January, Bishop Joseph E. Ritter of Indianapolis presided at the formal opening of the year of thanksgiving, which is to reach its climax early in the fall with a three-day celebration at the motherhouse of the Order, St. Mary-of-the-Woods.

Perhaps the most generally interesting aspect of this centenary is that it celebrates also the heroic life of Mother Theodore Guérin, foundress of the American Sisters of Providence. In 1840, at the request of the then Bishop of Vincennes, she came to Indiana to establish a school for girls. She was to meet many trials. Lack of sympathy from those she had left in France, misunderstanding from those she had come to serve in America, suspicion and animosity from those outside her Faith and her religious family, these were hard enough. But the day was to come when even the Bishop who had called her to the new world became displeased with her. She was expelled from her office of superior, dismissed from the congregation she had established, and excommunicated from the Church. Today the cause of her beatification awaits the final action of Rome.

Mother Guérin's spiritual daughters carry on her missions in the archdioceses of Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Los Angeles and Chicago, and in the dioceses of Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, San Diego, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Rockford and Raleigh, and in East Honan Province, China. They do home mission work in rural and urban districts among children of every kind. Since 1920 they have conducted schools and orphanages in China and have established there a congregation of native catechists. But the greatest monument to her is at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. Here are motherhouse, novitiate, normal school, junior house of studies, a college. The property is even equipped with a convenient coal mine from which the community supplies its fuel needs. And it is a final tribute to Mother Theodore that she should have obtained as early as 1846 the first charter granted in the State of Indiana for a school devoted exclusively to the higher education of women.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rt. Rev. John A. RYAN is a distinguished student of economics and society, professor for years at the Catholic University, director of the department of social action, NCWC.

George STREATOR is a Negro writer for many years active in union organizational work.

Joan M. TAYLOR is the daughter of a distinguished scientist, a college student well acquainted with ancient Louvain.

Joseph CALDERON is a New York attorney.

John C. CORT is one of the founders of the ACTU and the Labor Leader.

John J. O'CONNOR teaches history at St. John's University, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPECTATOR is the pen name of an economist of continental training.

J. McK. KATER teaches biology at Fordham University, New York.

George N. SHUSTER, author of many books, is now President of Hunter College, New York.